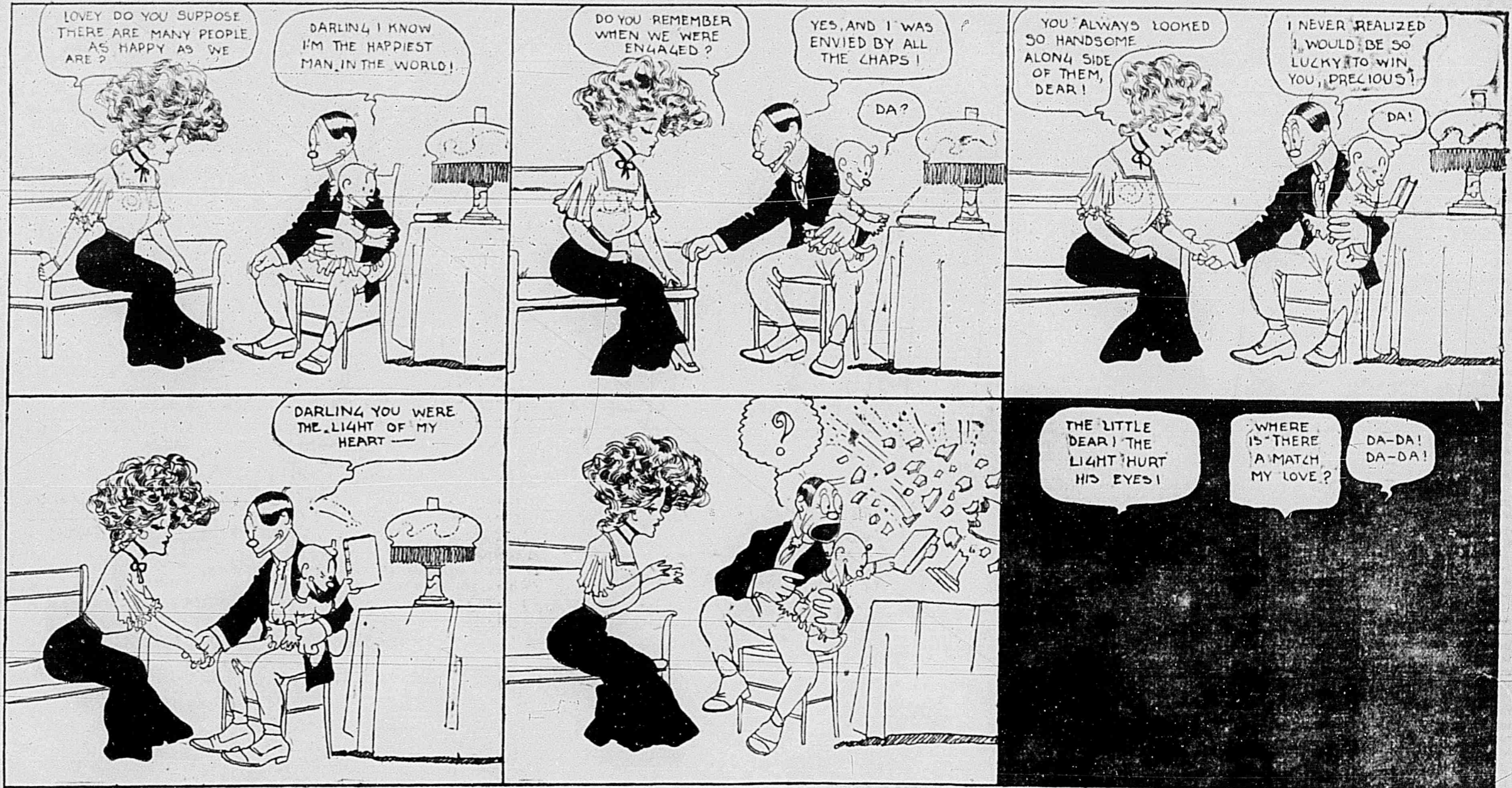


The Evening World
Published Daily except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 57
Park Row, New York.
Subscription Rates for the
Evening World for the
United States:
One year.....\$3.50
One month.....\$0.30
One week.....\$0.10
VOLUME 48.....NO. 16,814.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



THE PEOPLE PAY.



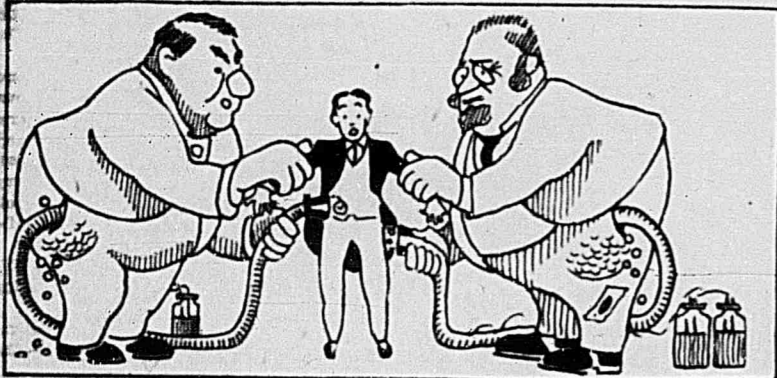
ANY things are happening just now which could and should be done differently.

The telephone monopoly announces that it has abolished half rates for night messages. Telephone charges during business hours were so high that many people availed themselves of the lower night rate. For several hours after 6 o'clock in the evening, when the reduced night

rate went into effect, the telephone company had more business than it could handle. Its purpose in giving lower rates at night to encourage night messages was accomplished.

Therefore it doubles the rates. The profits last year from long-distance business of the New England Telephone Company alone were \$2,885,138—this after all expenses of operation were deducted from the gross receipts. The New England Telephone Company is only one branch of the great telephone monopoly which extends over the whole United States. The total net earnings are several times the New England's net earnings. This is exclusive of the ordinary telephone business for which the contract subscribers pay, and which is more profitable even than the long-distance business.

In view of these enormous profits the public had a right to demand that, instead of the night rates being doubled, the day rates should be lowered and the facilities increased so that the public could use telephones at a reasonable cost.



Instead of this the telephone monopoly takes it all. Another thing that should have been done differently is the awarding of the Ashokan Dam contract. Instead of giving this to the lowest bidder, a responsible firm which had deposited a \$250,000 cash forfeit, the contract was awarded to a \$2,354,000 higher bidder.

No business man would do this with his own money. If Water Commissioner Simmons did this with the money of the Fourth National Bank, of which he is President, its stockholders would speedily elect a new president and sue him for the loss which he had caused them. If either of his associate Commissioners should attempt to parallel this transaction in their own business matters they would find their partners going into court for an injunction.

Why squander the people's money?

A third thing which should be done differently is the adjustment of salary by the Board of Education. Instead of raising the salaries of the worst-paid women teachers and doing all that the city finances will permit to remedy the glaring defects in primary instruction in the public schools, the Commissioners are raising the salaries of the auditors, clerks, assistants and other high-paid officials, who through successive previous increases were already drawing more money from the city for nine months' work than they could earn at outside employment for twelve, and who, in addition, do not give the city all their time and thought.

The poorly paid teachers should be provided for first.

A fourth thing which should be done differently is the sale of an enormous block of city bonds when money is high and bonds are cheap. The time to sell anything is when its price is high, not when its price is low.

If, instead of letting the franchise and other taxes owed the city by the public-service corporations go uncollected, the thirty-odd million dollars due from that source were brought into the city treasury there would be no pretext for this excessive issue of bonds at an unnecessarily high rate of interest.

For all these things the people pay.

Nature Notes from Cos Cob.

(By an Irregular Correspondent.)
Weakfish are biting. Bill Peck recently caught forty. By a curious coincidence the fish lose interest as soon as the bait gives out.

The platyphylums are saying "Katydid" from dark until 4 A. M. They produce the remark by rubbing their hind legs together. If a human hand is placed against the tree where they are roosting they will shut up until it is removed.

Now and then a dark shadow comes up like thunder over Oyster (Crust) the Sea. It is believed to be the soul of an Exalted Personage falling on William Rockefeller, who has a place near here. Sagamore Hill gets the range from the

steeple of the Greenwich Congregational Church, which signals sinners from afar.

The brooks are all dry, and the pollywogs either have to turn into frogs and walk ashore or perish. Uncle Joe Brush says some of the signs point to rain and some of 'em don't.

A tame automobile was seen on Put's Hill on Sunday. It turned out for a carriage. The species is so rare that it has never been classified.

Ernest Thompson Seton is still absent, exploring the Great Slave Lake region in Canada, looking up material for a new book to be entitled, "Wild Animals That Met Me First."

Woman Elected Mayor.

WITHIN recent times a woman has been elected Mayor of a town and became thereby famous. It was some fifteen years ago that a Mrs. Yates passed a stormy twelve months in the mayoral chair of Onehunga, in New Zealand, and her admirers claim for her that never in the life of that town were the sanitary arrangements so perfect and its municipal debt so low as during her term of office. To-day in the village of Koossona, in Austria-Hungary, the same experiment is being tried. A young woman, only twenty-four years of age, has been chosen Mayor, and with her on the municipal council are four other members of her sex.

The Husband Who Is Henpecked



THERE are some men who were born to be managed by other people, usually some woman, mother or wife, and from their boyhood a henpecked atmosphere has been the part and portion of their daily lives. All men by no means are able to stand alone. There undeniably are numbers of able men, men of affairs, who in their own homes are figureheads who pay the bills. But the women who rule in their stead rarely fall in their own persons, still less do they permit any other to fall, in the full payment of all honor and respect to the nominal head of the house. This personage in no sense whatever is a nonentity, and if he is a cipher he is the cipher which tenfold the value of the figure which precedes it. His wife sets him high upon a pedestal and insists rigidly upon all the knowings, genuflections and swingings of censures which the most exacting man possibly could demand, and her graceful show of deference to her husband never is relaxed, at least in public.

It often happens that men who are noted for their energy and success in business, not to say obstinacy, in their dealings with other men, are those who are most indulgent, even submissive, to their womenfolk. At home they like to be relieved from all worry and bother, to be made comfortable without the annoyance of seeing the wheels go round. The woman who knows what such a man wants and sees that he has it, who anticipates his wishes, who manages her household without fuss or friction, who never contradicts or nags; who, in short, makes herself essential to his comfort, generally is allowed to have her own way without let or hindrance so long as she takes care (and she usually does) that that way does not cross or conflict with his.

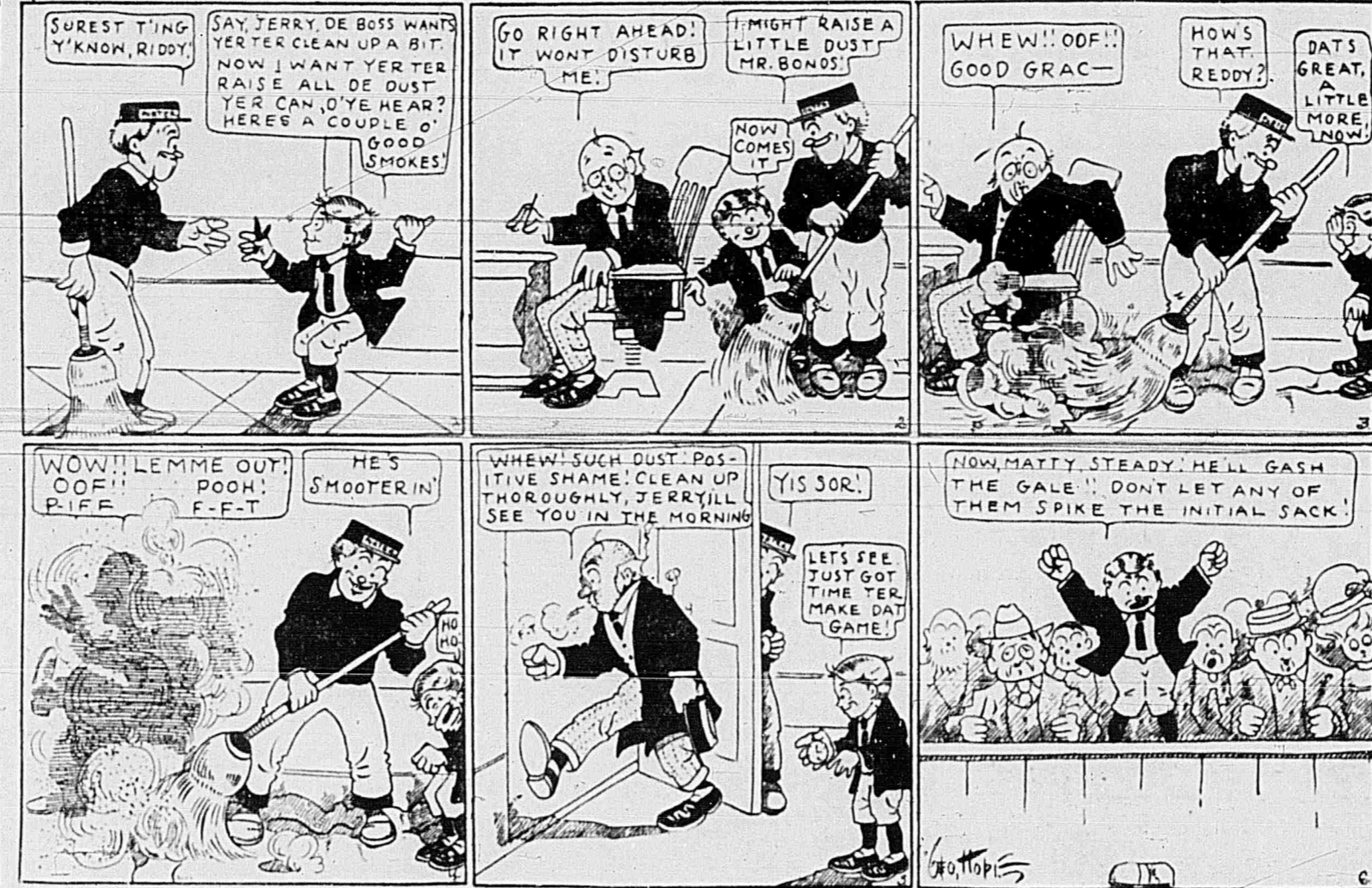
It is an amusing paradox that big men physically, Samson and Hercules frequently are dominated, openly and candidly, by their wives, who in such cases are little women whom the good humored giant easily could master with one hand. Such a man, with such a wife, reminds the spectator of nothing so much as a big ship in convoy of a little steam tug, puffing and whistling, while the great ship follows in heavy silence. He usually admires his wife for her "smartness" and energy, admits her rule, and makes a joke of it; too thoroughly conscious of his own strength to resent her "bossing."

"A feared of a little mite of a gal, And me jest' six feet two!" On the other hand, small men are apt to be peppy and sensitive as to their dignity and to resent fiercely the least suggestion of petticoat rule; to assert their authority upon all occasions in season and out of season. It is not the woman who demands her rights loudly and aggressively, who fights with men for them, who is given them in full measure, with privileges of all sorts added thereto. On the contrary, it is the gentle, unassuming creature who helps herself, sweetly and smilingly apologetic, with a pretty air of becoming gratitude, who is invited to "cut and come again."

It is not to be denied that there are many excellent men who allow themselves to be henpecked by their wives, some through laziness and a dislike of contention, some because they have a horror of fighting it out with an unreasonable and spoilt woman. A spoilt woman is much like a spoilt child; as long as she has her own way she is apt to be pleasant, and the man who loves her is willing to submit to her impositions in order to keep her in a good humor.—Chicago Tribune.

By Helen Oldfield

Reddy the Rooter.



Letters From the People.

Praise for "L" Guards.

In these days, when one hears so much abuse heaped upon railroad men and so few praises sung in their behalf, I feel it my duty to say a few things in favor of a class of these men. I board a Third Avenue train at a Hundred and Thirty-eighth street station every evening going down town, and I notice most of the guards are very polite in their treatment of passengers. Many illiterate persons ride on the Third Avenue line and give the trainmen to charge any amount of provocation to anger. These guards never seem to lose patience in dealing

with such passengers. Credit to whom credit is due.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it necessary to get the author's permission to dramatize a book?

E. J. L. Legal Aid Society, 230 Broadway.

collars (occasionally mistaken for cuffs), very narrow, vivid neckwear and the straw hat with the turned-up brim—a species of headgear which the little boy of eight years was wearing away back in 1906 and 1907. Let this column be open for suggestions. What shall we call him for 1917?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I apply for legal advice free? I am a poor woman. A. C. R.

The Tortures of Shaving.
To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent says he can shave in seven minutes, including lathering. I have been shaving for the past eight

Gertrude Barnum Talks To Girls

"Trifling Flossie."

YOU remember the story of the colored girl who had such a good time at the wedding. "Yes," she said to her mistress next day, "I never was to a more joyous occasion. It lasted till just 3 o'clock this mornin', yes?" "Was the bridegroom a nice young man?" inquired the mistress. "Well, I can't say but dat, honey," replied the woman. "Dat triflin' nigger nigger did show up." "When that story was told to a group of girls the other day they all fell to talking about some one they knew named Flossie, who, it seems, is a great trifier. "No one would be surprised," said one, "if Flossie failed to show up at her own wedding." "That would be the best thing that could happen to the bridegroom," said a girl named Mabel. "Oh, Flossie's all right," said a third, "when you get used to her little ways. She doesn't mean anything." "I'm used to her little ways. No one knows them better!" cried Mabel, with flashing eyes. "When I want to get along with her she always throws spitballs during study hours and made me flunk in recitation. When we went black-berrying she never picked any and only spilled my pailful of berries trying to balance it on her head. When I was sent on errands with her she would stop to blow 'four o'clocks' in the fields and dillydally till I got whipped for being late to supper. Later, when we worked together at the same counter in the shop she'd arrange her butterfly bows before the mirror while customers waited and the floorwalker came and called us all down, or she'd fool with the cash boys when we needed them, or make eyes at the men while we put away all the boxes and the stock for her.

The Trouble-Maker.

"She always spoils everything serious. She has flirted with her sister's sweetheart till that romance is ruined all 'round; and now she is frittering away my brother's life, when he should be helping me to support the family. She doesn't mean anything? No, that's true. She doesn't. But it's time she did mean something."

As I thought it over I could see that "trifling Flossie" must be a very dangerous enemy to society. Most of us, when out at night, meaning something by our little ways. Even as babies we practice about what we shall do when we are "big." In youth, the future looks glorious with our intentions. We mean to be musicians, or artists, or great authors, or leaders of noble movements for the betterment of society.

Oh, yes, we mean something! We mean all sorts of things! We "mean well." In the mornings we get ready to begin, but in the afternoons along comes trifling Flossie. In the spring we plan to commence in earnest in the fall, but along comes trifling Flossie. Season after season arrives and passes, with our serious work always just ahead, and trifling Flossie, over diverting us, blowing away our precious hours, as she blows "four o'clocks" in the fields so long ago.

Idleness Is Contagious.

Worst of all, Flossie's little ways are contagious; and, first thing we know, in fact without our ever realizing it, we come to not meaning anything ourselves. Figuratively, we make spitballs of our charms and talents and throw them about mischievously, preventing serious people from doing their best work. We dawdle through the years making others suffer with us for our faults. We flirt away honest love, leaving nothing but regrets and heartache, loneliness and tragedy in our wake. We corrupt even noble men and women, fettering them with the insidious arts of idleness and frivolity.

We may scrupulously keep the ten commandments, we may faithfully guard our souls against the temptations of the vicious and the criminal; but few of us are awake to the deadly danger of associating with triflers. These we first excuse, then pity, then embrace. In their company we squander our lives. But when in some supreme moment we shall look about in vain for the bright spirit of hope and promise to which we were pledged in youth, we shall suddenly realize that he is absent and find ourselves in the position of the colored bride at the wedding where the "triflin' nigger nigger" did show up. And, while our trifling friends may go right on with their celebrations, for us that "errand" will be anything but a joyful one.

The Empty Stage.

Mansfield is gone! And Booth a long-time sleeps, While puny players pipe their piddling peeps!

"Young Age" Pensions.

LABOR candidate for a vacant seat in the Australian Parliament at Sydney has hit upon a novel and brilliant idea—"young-age pensions," on the ground that they are "wise and merciful, and would be commercially profitable to the commonwealth." He adds that they would conduce to good citizenship and "enable the struggling parents of large families to bring up their children decently with credit alike to themselves and the community."

A Butcher Nobleman.

LADAR STOLNICKI, an aristocratic Lieutenant in a Hungarian hussar regiment, has resigned his commission to become apprentice to a pork butcher in Budapest because he couldn't hold his own with wealthier brother officers on a salary of 1400 a year.